

OF THE LIFE OF

MISS LUCY COLE,

OF

SEDGWICK, MAINE.

IN WHICH IS EXHIBITED

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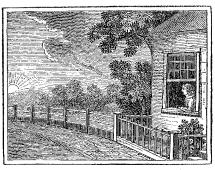
REBEKAH P. PINKHAM, OF SEDGWICK.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES LORING. 1830.







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NARRATIVE

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PIETY IN EARLY LIFE.

By Rebekah P. Pinkham, of sedswick.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES LORING,
1830.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT: District Clark's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighteenth day of June, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, James Loring, of the said District, has deposited in his office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A Narrative of the Life of Miss Lucy Cole, of Sedgwick, Maine. In which is exhibited the controlling power of Piety in Early Life. By Rehekah P. Pinkham, of Sedgwick." In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States.

entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps. Charts and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and sits to an act entitled "An Act, suplementary to an Act entitled An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps Charts and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, on graving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

LUCY COLE.

CHAPTER I.

HER CONVERSION.

THE subject of this Memoir, Miss Lucy Cole, was the daughter of Capt. Benjamin and Mrs. Lucy Cole, who both survive to mourn her early departure. She was born in Sedgwick, Maine, January 9, 1815, and deceased December 10,1829, aged fourteen years and eleven months. From a child, she was of a slender constitution, and enjoyed but little health. Her natural appearance was serious when she was very young, and her deportment was such as secured the esteem of those

who instructed her. She was generally much beloved by her companions and acquaintances. Living in a remote part of the town, her privileges of attending school, and of gaining information, were very small: but small as they were, she appeared to improve them to the best advantage; and her proficiency was, in general, more than ordinary for one of her years. Her mind appeared to be strong and active; and she was remarkably decided in whatever she undertook.

It is not known that she had any particular impressions with respect to her future state, until the spring of 1828, a time of revival in Sedgwick. She was then in her fourteenth year. Her appearance when she came forward to relate what God had done for her soul, will not soon be forgotten by the people of God in Sedgwick. Be-

ing of small stature, her voice low, and the house of worship crowded with spectators, she was requested to stand upon a seat. She then, with the utmost solemnity, gave an account of the conviction she had felt of her lost situation as a sinner, and of her hope in Christ; an account of which is here presented in her own words, found among her papers.

"Before the Lord was pleased to look on me in mercy, I was travelling down the broad road to destruction; but, praised be his name for his goodness to my poor soul, I hope he has shown me the way to eternal life. I saw that I was in a miserable state; and without the help of the Lord, I must be forever lost. I felt willing to give up all into his hands, if I could only get rid of my wicked heart. I then read my Bible, and found, if I

would but turn to the Lord Jesus, he would pardon my sins, which were many. It appeared that I had been sinning against God all my days; I saw my very thoughts were wicked, and that continually. I wondered why the Lord had not cut me down in my sins, and sent me to hell, to be tormented forever. It appeared to me that I could see Jesus in heaven on his throne, all arrayed in glory, and myself chained down in darkness. I thought the gates of hell-were-open to receive me. And O! what was my joy, when I found I was taken out of this awful danger! My mind was enlightened with the love of Jesus. I felt a desire to depart from this world, to be with Christ in his kingdom, where there are joys forever at the right hand of God. I felt I could praise him for his great goodness in sending his only

begotten Son into the world, to suffer and die for lost and wretched sinners, who deserve to die themselves."

In what Miss Cole says about seeing "Jesus in heaven," it is evident that she did not mean seeing with her bodily eyes, but merely the views of her mind.

CHAPTER II.

PASSAGES FROM MISS COLE'S JOURNAL.

Soon after the statement to the church of her knowledge of Christ, she was baptized, and received into the church. In her journal, she thus writes:—

"May 8th, 1828. Now may I consider that the eighth day of this month, I followed Christ to his watery grave. Solemn indeed is the thought, that soon, very soon, I must stand before Him whom I have professed to follow. But the Lord is able to save the worst of fallen sinners—his blood is sufficient to cleanse from all sin. O that I may never do any thing to wound the blessed cause of Christ; and may I be kept from wounding the minds of

God's children. But O! if I am deceived, how awful will be my state in that world where I am soon to go."

During the following summer, her health was tolerably good, and she frequently met with the people of God. Such was the solemnity of her appearance and devotedness to God, that it was observed by some that she was not long for this world. She appeared much impressed with the shortness of time, and the importance of living as for eternity; and whatever her hands found to do, she generally did it with all her might. In the course of the winter, her health began to decline.

"March, 1829, she writes, "This day I took a walk, the first I have taken for three months. I think I have need to be thankful that I am permitted once more to enjoy the pleas-

ures of nature, and may I ever remember, that it is the mercy of the great God that has recovered me from a long sickness of three months. 'Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.'"

"March 11th. Why do I wander from so great and so good a God, who has done so much for me, a poor sinful worm? O wilt Thou give me a heart to love and praise Thy holy name. May I look to the precious Lamb of God, who shed His blood that He might wash us from our sins, and prepare us to glorify His holy name. O enlighten my dark mind, Father of mercies; take away this wicked heart

of unbelief and sin. I long for the happy hour to arrive when I shall see my Saviour's face, and love and praise Him without sin. How sweet is the communion of saints here below; and what will it be in heaven, where they will join in one eternal song. There they will never cease to praise Him, who washed their souls white in the blood of the Lamb. O what reason I have to thank the Lord for giving me this blessed hope. But O how prone I am to sin against God, and to grieve his Holy Spirit. It appears strange to me why I am not more engaged in religion, when, without it, I know I can never enter the kingdom of God.

"March 12th. 'Thus saith the Lord, Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.' These words were impressed upon my mind last evening. I felt the time was short

when I must go down to the grave in silence; and where will my immortal soul appear? Why, I must appear before a holy God, who sees and knows all I do and say. May I strive to enter in at the strait gate, which leads to everlasting life. O that I might have a solemn consideration of these great realities. It is a great thing to have our peace made with God; so great, that I think it is more than I can hope, when I live so far from my Redeemer. But I know that the Lord is willing I should come to him and be saved. His blood is sufficient to cleanse from all sin, and prepare me for heaven. Yet how few are willing to come to that great fountain opened, which is free for all that will come, and accept of this great gift of God. For Jesus has said, if we would but come to him, he will be with us in trials and temptations.

What encouragement there is for us to seek the Lord while he may be found! for it will soon be too late to seek for peace with God; and if we die without it, what will be our state in the world to come? We must fall under the wrath of a holy God, to be tormented forever.

"March 13th. This day I feel quite well. I think I get some better of my complaint, which troubles me so much; and if it be the will of the Lord that I should recover, I hope I shall not forget the kind mercy of the Lord to my poor soul while I have been sick. O that I may not get back into this wicked world and wound the cause of the blessed Redeemer. I sometimes fear I shall; for my heart is so full of sin and deceit, that I sometimes feel afraid that I never have been changed by the grace of God. And O if I have not,

how dreadful in my situation. When I think what a solemn covenant I have made with the Lord, and professed to be a follower of Christ before a multitude of people; and to see what a life I live from day to day, it makes me astonished. Why am I spared to live, while many others are cut down in their sins, and called before their Judge unprepared, while I have time to prepare for heaven? But O! why do not I awake from the slumbers of sin and death, and be more interested in the cause of Jesus Christ, when he has done so much for me? But I know Christ alone is able to keep me from sin, and to prepare me for that world where sin and death shall never enter, and where we shall not be weary in praising the Lord, who suffered and died on the cross to bring us to that blessed land.33

"April 6th, 1829. Yesterday was the Lord's day, and I trust a good day to my poor and naked soul. I hope the Lord was pleased to show me my own helplessness and the evil in sinning against Him, who is so good and merciful to all His creatures. He will not always leave His people to wander from Him, but will make them feel sorry for their backslidings, and renew their wills to serve and glorify His holy name. I sometimes feel that the Lord is good in sparing me, and giving me opportunity to read and think of his goodness and mercy to us, in sending his beloved Son to shed his precious blood to wash us from our sins, and prepare us for a better world."

"April 9th. I now retire to my closet a few moments, to call to mind the work of the Lord in this place

the year past. A year ago to-day I was at a solemn meeting; but to-day, I am deprived of sitting down in the house of God with His people to sing his praise. But I know the Lord has given me a heart to feel contented and comforted with his holy word. I sometimes have a desire to be with them, and hear them talk of the goodness of the Lord. Although I am here alone, it is pleasant to reflect on the goodness of the Lord, and the many mercies which are bestowed upon me, to what some poor sinners have. Yet the Lord is willing that all should come to Him, and be saved. It has now been fourteen weeks since I have heard a sermon preached. But O, may I have a reconciled heart to all the commands of that great and good God, who wisely rules all his creatures according to his own good pleasure. But O! if I did but attend to the word of God as I ought, I should live different from what I now do. Surely my heart is full of sin and wickedness, that makes me live so far from my Maker. I know I do not look to Christ alone, to be kept from the evils and snares of the world, which have so many ways to ruin our precious and immortal souls."

"May 7th, 1829. How often do I call to mind the precious times a year ago. Then the people of God were rejoicing and praising their heavenly Father; and sinners were crying to the Lord for mercy. But those happy days are gone from me. When I reflect on the low state of my mind, I often get discouraged, and tired of my sinful life. It appears strange to me how I can be so

interested in the things of this world, and let the things of eternity go from my heart. I think, if I am a Christian, I am the least of all; for how can a Christian's heart be so vile as mine? I sometimes fear I have a false hope of myself; and if Satan has blinded my eyes, I know not what to do. But I hope the Lord will show me the right way to Him and His glory."

"May. The 17th day of this month the Sabbath School commenced; and I hope it will be a blessing to the young children that now attend. I often think of the good privileges we have of going to church, and other religious meetings: and I think sometimes that our hearts are made of stone, the reason we do not pay more attention to such good instruction. But God

is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. O yes, the Lord is able and willing to turn our hearts from sin and wickedness, to love and glorify Him, both in this world and the world to come.

'O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame, A light to shine upon the path, That leads me to the Lamb.'

"Our time is short and rapidly passing away: let us strive to improve it well."

CHAPTER III.

HER LOVE TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

I would here observe, that Lucy manifested a deep interest in the Sabbath School in this place. Although unable to attend herself, she frequently had opportunities of reading the Sabbath School books: and a few days before she died, she repeated, with much feeling, some of their interesting contents. She appeared to possess an unusual desire even to the last, that the children might rightly improve their precious privileges. She spoke in a most feeling manner, a short time before she died, of their accountability to God, and that they possessed immortal souls to be saved or lost;

and she manifested a desire that these solemn realities might be deeply impressed on their minds.

Under another date she writes:-"How pleasant and serene is the evening breeze, and the glory of the firmament to gaze upon, and to view the stars, that roll through the lofty skies! But they are ruled by the almighty power of God. Yes; and to turn our eyes down upon the earth, and see the works of Creation all around us, the trees and sweet flowers, that open their leaves in the morning dew! And the little birds, which sing so sweetly in the green boughs! Have we not reason to be thankful to the Supreme Being, who has given us all these things to be useful in our concerns? The Lord is very merciful to me, a poor, wretched creature, bound on for eternity, and very soon to stand before my Judge. O then may I improve these precious moments, before they are gone forever."

In transcribing this journal, I have altered but a very few words. It is somewhat surprising that she should write so correctly, when her advantages were so very small.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS COLE'S LETTERS.

I SHALL here add an extract of a letter to her sister C—.

"March 18th. Dear Sister,-We ought to consider the great importance of living to God. Yet I fear we do not improve our time and talents as we might. I sometimes feel that I want to give myself wholly up to the Lord. But O! my heart is prone to sin against a holy God. I sometimes think it would be just in the Lord if he should cast me off forever. But I know that the mercy of the Lord is free for all that will but come and accept. I sometimes fear I turn my ears away from the word of God, the same as those who

have no hope in the Saviour. I know that we ought to be more concerned about our immortal souls than we now are. It makes me amazed when I think how I spent my precious time, when I know I must give an account to the Lord how I spend every day of my life. I hope we shall try to deny ourselves, and take up the cross, and follow the Saviour wherever He shall lead us. I hope that in the strength of the Lord, we shall try to live more to Jesus, who, we trust, has been merciful to our poor souls. Yet I very often forget his goodness to me and the rest of our family the year past. The time is coming on, when we must be separated from each other. But I hope our hearts will be bound together in love and unity. How it would rejoice my heart to see all the friends of Zion

stirred up about the things which pertain to their everlasting peace! They then would be more earnest in warning sinners against their wickedness and danger. I often think of the good meetings we had last spring. I hope we shall remember that we have put on Christ in outward appearance, and I hope inwardly too. Yet how prone we are to forget his mercy to us. I suppose you remember the last night you slept with me. That night, I felt a tender concern for our immortal souls. I do not remember as I have felt so since. Time appeared short to me. I thought it would not be long before we should meet in another world. But the Lord is sparing us to prepare for heaven. It is a great mercy that we were not left to perish in our sins. Thanks be to God, he has provided

a way by which fallen creatures can be saved; and that is by Jesus Christ, the only Redeemer of the world. I have written more to-day than any day at all. O if you knew the sinfulness of my heart, you would think I had no part in the blessed cause of Christ. Yet all I can do is to look to Christ, who bore our load of sin on the cross. I know He is able and willing to cleanse me from my sins in His own blood."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS S. B.

"I think I have reason to thank God that I am recovering my health.

—I remember, when I saw you last, my heart was somewhat engaged in

the glorious object of religion. But I have since grown cold. My affections have got down to the fleeting things of the world. Yes, I have wandered far from God, who is calling me back to the fold of the Lamb. O my friend, what reason we have to praise the Lord for his merciful kindness to us! And how little regard I. pay to my immortal soul,-and to think how soon I must appear before the throne of God, there to give an account of all my sins that I have committed on earth. What an important thing it is that we should be prepared to meet our Redeemer whenever He shall see fit to call us out of this world into eternity.

LUCY COLE."

EXTRACT OF ANOTHER LETTER TO THE SAME.

"O my friend, did you know the wickedness of my heart, you would pity me. I think that I have great reason to fall at the feet of Jesus, and cry for mercy. I have so many wicked temptations, that I sometimes feel discouraged; and am tempted to give up all hope of being saved. But O! how can I bear the thought of being lost forever! I fear we are falling back; and are too much engaged in the concerns of this wicked world. The time will come when we must be called to die. We shall then reflect with pain and distress on the many hours we have spent foolishly and unconcernedly about our immortal ຂອນປະຊ

LUCY COLE."

CHAPTER V.

HER SYMPATHY FOR THE SICK, AND HER SUBMISSION TO GOD IN DISTRESSING PAIN.

In the course of the Summer of 1828, she took charge of a small school in the district where she lived; but her health was so feeble that she was soon obliged to relinquish it. In the fall, she occasionally attended meeting, and spent some time in visiting her friends. In the neighbourhood where she frequently visited, there was a pious woman lingering in a consumption. This woman Lucy often visited, and became remarkably attached to her. She would sometimes carry to her some little necessaries, saying, it did her good, because she thought she relished it better when received in this way.

Lucy frequently spoke of this pious woman in her last sickness, and appeared at times animated with the prospect of soon being with her in glory. A short time before she died, she looked up and observed to me,—"How pleasant I felt when I went up with you to see aunt Nancy. There she sat in her chair, looking just like a saint; and I felt as though I could sing all the time.—I loved that woman."

During the Summer of 1829, her health was very feeble; and she was at times exercised with severe pain and distress. But her mind appeared calm and serene; and at times she evidently enjoyed the consolations of the gospel of Christ, and manifested a happy reconciliation to God and his providences with respect to herself.

Her complaint was said by her phy-

sician to be of the most distressing kind. She had a severe cough, attended with inward inflammation; and occasionally, her whole frame seemed to be exercised with the most excruciating pain. She remarked to a person who was with her a short time before she died, that no one but God knew what distressing days she had experienced in the course of the Summer.

In September, she was confined to the house, and generally to her little room. Her Pastor, who frequently visited her, has since observed, that her little room appeared different from any other place; and that he believed God was there. Here, with her books, and the little pocket Bible that she had purchased with the assistance of her brother, a few months before, she appeared cheerful, contented, and reconciled to the will of God, with respect to herself. This Bible she gave, a short time before she died, to her sister E—, observing that it was the greatest treasure she had. Such was her distress of body, that she frequently slept but little in the night time, and when she had opportunity she would lay and ask questions, and converse on the things of eternity. She was said by those that were with her to be remarkably patient.

Her mother observed, after she had deceased, that she was a peace-maker in the family. If there was any difficulty among the children, she could not rest till she reconciled the parties. While her strength would permit, she instructed the small children, and appeared to feel an unusual interest in their eternal welfare; and occasion-

ally gave them such advice as she thought they needed.

A few weeks before she died, I visited her. Her appearance was truly interesting. She was reduced to a mere skeleton, emaciated with sickness and pain; yet she was calm and serene in her mind. She observed that she felt peace of mind,—willing to live or die, just as the Lord pleased. Although she was unworthy, she trusted that she was clothed in the right-eousness of Christ. "I have nothing to do," said she, "but to pray for patience, and that I may not be left to murmur."

On returning home, I could not help reflecting how soon this lovely youth would be with Christ in glory, and join with the angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, in praising God and the Lamb. Ah! little did I then think what she must pass through before she entered the kingdom of glory.

CHAPTER VI.

HER PASTOR'S VISIT; HER HAPPY STATE OF MIND; AND HER LOVE TO A LITTLE BROTHER.

About this time her Pastor visited her, and thus addressed her—"Well, Lucy, do you feel as reconciled and comfortable as you have done?" She replied, I think I do, the most of the time: I think that Christ appears precious to me; and that I shall be with Him when I die. It seems as if I longed for the time to come. I want you to pray that I may have patience.

The Sabbath morning previous to her death, she asked if it was not Sabbath day. On being told it was, she observed, "The saints in heaven are beginning a new Sabbath in praising God." She then requested a few verses in the Bible to be read to her. After reading the three first verses of the fourteenth chapter of John; she in a low whisper added, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me. In me ye shall have peace—in the world tribulation." She then requested a person present to pray with her.

In the course of the morning, she motioned to a little brother, three or four years old, to come to her. She then put her arm around his neck; and he laid his face on the bed, while she offered up a fervent and solemn prayer to God, that he would bless and protect him; that he might be obedient to his father and mother; and that if he should live to grow up, he might become a good man: and then she added, "Must I leave my brother Thomas? I will leave him with the

Lord." She then turned her face, raised her trembling hand, and in a most devout manner prayed for herself, that the Lord would be with her, strengthen and support her, and bless her brothers and sisters. Her lungs at this time, and till her death, were so weak that she could only whisper.

Soon after this, she fell into one of her distressing spasms. The distress in her head was so violent that it was impossible to keep it still. Her whole body was apparently racked with pain, attended with some delirium. After her distress had subsided, she was heard to say, "I don't know but Satan will conquer me yet; but I shall not endure such talk from him." She appeared to be grieved for fear she had sinned while in her distress; and asked if it was thought she would be cast off for it.

CHAPTER: VII.

SOME OF MISS COLE'S LAST CONVERSATIONS.

SHE remarked, that when in her distress, she was tempted with dreadfully wicked thoughts. She appeared for a few moments to be buffeted by the enemy; but her mind gradually became calm; and her appearance, for a few hours after this, I think will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. She took her leave individually of her brothers and sisters present. Those who had a hope in Christ, she exhorted to live according to their profession, and not to be light and vain. Those who had not this hope, she entreated to repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

She took her sister N— by the hand, and entreated her not to be so distressed for her. "You must repent of your sins," said she, "and come to Christ." To another of her little sisters she observed,—"You must repeat your little hymns night and morning; and think who it is that keeps you. You must be a good girl. Think of me when I am gone." To a little brother she said, "Don't cry, W—; you must be a good boy, and you will soon come to me."

She spoke of her two brothers that were absent at sea. "Tell B—he has talked with me much about heaven, but I shall probably arrive there first. I have always loved him. Tell J— to try to live according to his profession, and to fill his place in the church." To her mother she said,—"The Lord lent me to you;

now you must give me up again. I want you to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be his name." To a young sister in the church to whom she was much attached, she observed,--" I think you are one of the saints. We shall meet in heaven. Don't be so distressed for me-don't weep." She then entreated an aunt, who was present, to repent of sin, and obey the Lord Jesus Christ. She took her hand, and affectionately entreated her to come to the Saviour. A number of her neighbours being present, she took them all by the hand, and gave them such advice as she thought they needed; and entreated them to make the Lord Jesus Christ their friend. She spoke of a young brother in the church, who was at sea. "O tell L- not to forget the Redeemer.

Tell him he ought to be thankful that he has a hope that he will be better off when he comes to die. Tell him not to get too much into the world, and thus be sinfully engrossed with worldly objects. O!" said she, "I shall be with Jesus." Being asked if she felt comfortably? she answered,-"O yes; I feel that Christ is precious." She expressed a desire, that when the last trumpet should sound, and we should all rise, that we all might be found at the right hand of Christ. Here her strength became exhausted; and she observed that she must rest.

In the course of the day, she spoke of Elder A—. "I have felt comfortably," said she, "under his preaching—it has done me good. Tell him the Saviour was with me then—He is with me now, and will soon take me

home. Tell Mr. P— he has been kind to me—I thank him—I hope the Lord will reward him."

The following night, her mind appeared remarkably calm and comfortable. She frequently spoke of the sufficiency of Christ. "Yes! He is sufficient," said she ;-" He has great power and glory! How often I have sat by the window, when the sun was setting, and looked at the blue sky, and thought of His power." Sometimes she would observe, "How the Saviour shines !-O the Saviour! how beautiful he shines." During the night she frequently spoke of the Missionaries. Once she exclaimed, "O poor Mrs. Judson, how much she suffered; she had not her friends and relations with her." Of Mr. Judson she said, -" She hoped the Lord would bless him." "I have often thought," said she, "of the poor Burmans." It being remarked to her, that she, no doubt, would see Mrs. Judson, and the little Burman Slave Girl* in heaven, she seemed animated with the prospect.

She manifested an unusual interest in the Burman Mission. She had read, when able, Mrs. Judson's Memoirs, and such other communications as she could obtain, respecting Missions.

On seeing her father enter the room, she exclaimed,—"There is my father; he has been a kind father to me, both as it respects soul and body. I hope the Lord will reward him."

She spoke of an aged man that lived in the neighbourhood. "Poor

^{*} The Narrative of this youthful Christian Convert is published at James Loring's Sabbath School Book Store.

old grandfather B— is just gone; and he has no hope in Christ. He was up here to see me. I talked to him some, and read to him a tract about an aged man that obtained a hope of religion when old. He seemed to think he had not ought to seek the Lord, but the Lord seek him. I don't know what he will do when he comes to die. I am afraid he will have no Saviour."

She spoke of the Sabbath School, and observed, that if she had lived, she thought she should have tried to do good. She hoped the children would remember they were accountable to God, as they knew good from evil, and had precious souls to be saved or lost. She wished me to tell the young people that it was no trifling thing to die; but a most solemn thing to lie upon a dying bed, and

have no Saviour to go to; but to die in despair!

Perceiving symptoms of another distressing paroxysm, she remarked—"Jesus will help me, Jesus will help me. O He shines gloriously. He is altogether lovely." Being asked if her mind was fixed on Christ, she answered, "O yes. I will trust in the Lord, and not be afraid. I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. He died, and rose again, and his compassion for sinners in suffering and enduring so much, was great."

After her distress had somewhat abated, she appeared to be greatly affected. She feared she had sinned so much, that Christ would not receive her. She would entreat us to pray that she might have her senses, and not be left to do wrong. She remarked that Satan tempted her to believe that

Christ would not receive her. But, on being reminded that Jesus knew her trials, and was still compassionate, she became more calm. Her father coming into the room, she exclaimed, "Sir, Satan is chained. The Lord Jesus Christ has chained him." She observed to her sister C-, "I told you the Lord would carry me through this distressing season, and He has, and He is good. I hope you will try to live near to him, and not be light and vain. It should be our great desire to honour and glorify him." Then turning to me, she asked, "Is it not so?" and added, "Sin causes sorrow. I have found it so." In the morning she remarked, that she was glad to hear her father pray so earnestly for the church. It was observed to her,-" Lucy, you think much about the church." "O yes,

I want them to live in peace, and obey the Saviour. 'Hereby shall men know that we are his disciples, if we have love one to another." She then repeated a number of passages of Scripture that speak of the importance of living in love, and expressed an earnest desire that the members of the church might live in Christian harmony, saying, "Tell the young professors to try to live according to their profession, and improve their privileges, and not be light and vain." In the course of the morning she spoke of Whitefield's hymn, which begins thus:-"Ah! lovely appearance of death;" and wished to have the hymn sung, remarking, that it was in her little hymn book, and that she had often read it. The book being brought to her bed, she took it in her trembling hands; and while turning to find

it, her mind was attracted by another. "There," said she, "read that."

Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys, when shall I see?

Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

Thy garden and thy pleasant green, My study long have been; Such sparkling light by human sight, Has never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread,
To die and go from hence.

Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace, And cause me to ascend, Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths never end.

Jesus, my love, to glory's gone, Him will I go and see, And all my brethren here below Will soon come after me. My friends, I bid you all adieu, I leave you in God's care; And if I here no more see you, Go on, I'll meet you there.

There we shall meet and no more part, And heaven shall ring with praise, While Jesus' love in every heart Shall tune the song, Free Grace.

Millions of years around may run, Our song shall still increase, To praise the Father and the Son, Who brought us home to bliss.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

After the other was sung, she observed she should like to have it sung at her funeral. To her uncle A—she said, "Dear uncle, behold me on a sick and dying bed! It is what we may all be brought to experience. Do seek the Lord while you have your health. Do, Sir, promise me that you will flee to Jesus. There is a dreadful

place of torment for the wicked. You will soon have to stand before the bar of God. I am going to leave you; and I feel loath to leave you in your sins. Christ has mercy enough. But I must leave you."

She spoke of another young person who was absent. "Tell O— to remember God, and not forget him, but to adorn his profession.—Tell him I never shall see him again, in this world; but if he is a true Christian, the door of heaven will be open for him to enter. O how I long for the happy hour to come, when I shall be with Jesus. In my distress I called upon the Lord, and He heard me. I am in the hands of God. He can do what He pleases."

Mrs. A—, who visited Lucy in her last sickness, has since remarked—"When I last saw her, two days previous to her death, she appeared a part

of the time to be enjoying a foretaste of that happiness which she was soon to realize in a perfect state. When I entered her room, she said in a whisper, "You have come too late. I fear I shall not be able to say much." She laid still a short time; and then said, "I have had some sweet rest! How good God is to give me a little ease. Last night I thought I was dying, and should soon see Jesus." I asked her how she felt in viewing the near approach of death. "Oh happy, happy!" she replied. "Jesus has conquered death." She was asked again, how Christ appeared? She answered, "Glorious, wonderful. He has redeemed my soul!" Soon after, she removed her sleeve from her arm, that I might see how emaciated she was, and said.

And must this body die, This mortal frame decay? "I have thought much," said she, "about the church. I want you to tell them, when I am gone, to strive to live in love. Tell them they may live united, if they will watch and pray, and forgive one another."

Soon after this, one of her distressing spasms came on, attended with delirium. When she became calm, she asked if she had not sinned while in her distress, and begged us to pray that God would take her soon. She then shut her eyes, and I distinctly heard her whisper,-"Lord Jesus, let me resign my spirit into thine own bosom. Come Jesus, come soon." She reached her hand towards her little sister L-, and clasping her arms around her neck, kissed her, and said, "Remember me." She then kissed each of her sisters, and her little brother, and charged them to live in peace; and observed, "I am not afraid to die, and lie in the grave. Christ has died before me. I have been a great sinner; but I trust my peace is made with God."

As I was sitting by her the day before she died, she looked up very pleasantly, and asked, if I would not bring her a small looking-glass from another room. It being brought, she took it pleasantly, gazed upon her deathly countenance, and observed: "Ah! lovely appearance of death." The night before she died, she said to her mother, "I shall try to bear my pains patiently to-night, and lean on the Lord Jesus Christ all I can." She spoke of her distress being great; but added, "O the agonies of Christ! He suffered more than we can,"

She conversed but little during

the night, but at times was in great distress; and it appeared evident she was dying. She frequently asked, "How long?" On being told we could not exactly tell. "How long," said she, "do you judge," and would not be satisfied till we mentioned that perhaps in an hour her soul might be set at liberty. She manifested at times, some impatience to be gone, and would inquire if the time was not out.

For some time before she left the world, she laid in the agonies of death, her head and body in continual motion, attended with a low, solemn whisper, "How long, how long?" A short time before she closed her eyes, she looked up, "I have been," said she, "in the valley of the shadow of death." Being asked if Christ was with her, she said,

"O yes." A few moments after, she added, "I did see Jesus." On being asked how he appeared? She said, "Glorious." The last word that could be distinctly heard, was "Christ."

Ah Lucy, thou art now at rest;
Thy aching head and heaving breast,
Thy pains are now all o'er;
From suffering and from toil releas'd,
No more shall sin disturb thy peace,
Nor Satan vex thee more.

Thy sufferings long and sore have been,
Thy contest great with death and sin,
Thy body rack'd with pain;
How did thy soul then grieve for sin,
While Satan shot his darts within,
"Till thou didst view him chain'd.

But all is o'er, and thou at rest;
Hail, happy saint, with Jesus blest,
Triumphant in the skies.
Thy dust shall rest beneath the ground,
'Till the last trump of God shall sound,
Then He will bid it rise.

When Christ shall come in yonder skies,— To meet Him thou shalt then arise, And burst thy silent tomb; Thy feeble frame, then glorious form, Freed from corruption, earth and worm, Cloth'd in immortal bloom.

Then in the world of holy light,
Amid its scenes of glory bright,
How blessed wilt thou be!
There thou wilt bow before the throne,
And know the Saviour as thine own,
In all eternity.

When her funeral was attended, as Sermon was preached from a text which she had selected, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." The following is the hymn, which at her desire was sung at her funeral.

Ah! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair!
Not all the gay pageants on earth,
Can with this dead body compare!

With solemn delight we survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our sister, bereft
Of all that could burthen her mind;
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind?

Of evil incapable thou,

Whose relics with envy I see;
No longer in misery now,

No longer a sinner like me.

Her frame is afflicted no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex her again.

No anger, henceforward, or shame, Shall redden this innocent clay; Extinct is the animal flame, And passion has vanish'd away.

Her languishing head is at rest, Its thinking and aching are o'er; Her quiet, immoveable breast Is heav'd by affliction no more.

Her heart is no longer the seat Of sickness and torturing pain; It ceases to flutter and beat, It never shall flutter again.

Her eyes she so seldom could close, (By sorrow forbidden to sleep,) Seal'd up in a lengthy repose, Have strangely forgotten to weep. Those fountains can yield no supplies, Whose hollows from waters are free; The tears are all wip'd from her eyes, And evil she never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,

While bound in this prison of earth;

And still for deliverance pine,

And press to the issues of death.

What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become;
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consigned to the tomb.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF REV. MR. P.—, KEPT AT THE TIME OF HIS VISITING THIS YOUTH.

"June 15th, 1829. Visited Lucy again, and found her unable to sit up but a part of the time. According to previous notice, I preached a Lecture at the house, from Romans viii. 28. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. She had not heard a sermon for many weeks. I felt a conscious pleasure in pointing out the evidences of true love to God in her hearing, believing without a doubt, that she possessed them; I endeavoured to show that all natural evils of the present life, and death itself, would finally be overruled for the best good of such as love God, and are the called according to his purpose.

"Oct. 27th. Visited the sick; and of course Lucy was not forgotten. She was still able to sit up a part of the day. Different subjects were conversed upon with the family at this time, before any thing was said to her in particular. But she apparently took no interest, and soon seated herself near by me, and began to speak of some particular trials and temptations she had lately passed through; and of her having found peace of mind again in the comforts and consolations of the Gospel. I asked her if she had gotten through with Mrs. Judson's Memoirs. She replied, "Yes, and I have another begun." It was "Buck on Experience." I sat and

read, and occasionally conversed for some time. Never shall I forget this visit. This, thought I, is religion. Here is a child of only fourteen years, who takes no interest in worldly objects at all; her mind wholly absorbed in the best subjects of conversation. Simplicity and meekness, with good sense and the love of holy things, were manifested in her very looks, and in all that she said.

"Nov. 18th. Called once more to see how Lucy was, and found that she had failed very fast; she was not able to sit up at all, nor even to speak but in a whisper. She however gave me to understand that she was comfortable in her mind, and wished me to pray with her. Her parents and myself only were in the room. Her little Bible was handed me from her bed; and I read in a low voice the 56th

Psalm, and made a few remarks to her, particularly upon the 3d verse—What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee. I then, with her afflicted father and mother, knelt down by the side of her bed. I felt that God was there. Such a solemn peace and calmness, in praying in relation to her case in particular, came over my mind, as I have very seldom enjoyed. I was unwilling to leave the room. It seemed like the house of God and the gate of heaven."

"Dec. 2. On calling again, I found Lucy able to converse but little. Do you feel reconciled, said I, and as comfortable in your mind, as you have done? 'I think I do,' she replied, 'the most part of the time. I think Christ appears precious to me, and that I shall be with him when I die. It seems as though I longed for the

time to come. I want you to pray that I may have patience to wait.' This was the most that she said at this time. And indeed what more could she say in so few words?"

"Dec. 9. Visited Lucy for the last time while she was able to converse. O what distress of body she at times endured! It was what I felt unwilling to witness, and thought I could not well bear to see. She told me she had temptations at times, that were most harassing, and afflictive to her feelings. She was reminded of the Saviour's sufferings, and encouraged to stay her mind on him."

"Dec. 10. Called at the house where Lucy resided just time enough to witness the last trying conflict, and as they were at the moment of closing her eyes. Such a scene I scarcely ever witnessed before. Never did I

feel such joy at a sight so solemn. This dear saint was now set at liberty. It was what she longed for. It was what we were all made willing to submit to, considering the evil from which she was now delivered. In a moment, as it were, she was with her beloved Saviour in heaven, as we confidently hoped and believed."

Seldom, if at all, did I visit her little sick room during her last illness, without being reminded of the "Young Cottager," with whose pious spirit I trust she is now associated forever. This child of God began and ended in some measure as we all should. I feel her loss most sensibly; but can well sustain it, when I take into view her unspeakable gain. Farewell, sainted and glorified spirit, farewell, till we meet again.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE PRECEDING NARRATIVE.

Some particular traits in the character of Lucy, will here be noticed, in the hope that they may be useful to the young readers who may ponder these pages.

She was naturally serious, and amiable in her external appearance, but after she was brought to a sense of her lost situation by nature, to abhor herself on account of sin, and to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to hope in his mercy, she was remarkably solemn and sober-minded. She viewed it a great sin, for one that had entered into solemn covenant with God, to be light and vain; and even to the last, would affectionately entreat young professors not to be

trifling in their conversation, but to endeavour to adorn their profession by a discreet deportment.

She was reputed to be a peace-maker, no doubt remembering the words of the Lord Jesus,—"Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God."

Now, my dear young readers, if you would be the children of God, you must seek peace, and pursue it. Depart from evil, and do good. Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Peace and holiness are to be sought for with the greatest diligence and zeal that can be imagined; for without holiness, and a peaceful disposition, that will allay angry passions, we can never see the Lord. O then how important is the character of the peacemaker! Like this amiable youth, do not

rest, when you see others at variance, till you have made use of every exertion to reconcile them; and especially your young friends and connexions.

Lucy Cole was merciful and compassionate. We had evidence of this, when she visited and refreshed the pious sick woman. She might probably have thought of the words of her Divine Redeemer,—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." O how lovely to see youth and children visiting the sick and distressed, administering to their wants, and manifesting a compassionate spirit.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." What an unspeakable blessing to be in possession of that character, that will at last obtain mercy from God! O then, dear young friends, cultivate a merciful and

compassionate disposition towards the poor, the distressed, and the disconsolate.

Lucy was unusually plain and modest with respect to the adorning of her body. And it was said after her confinement, that such was her aversion to decorating the body, that if her sisters bought any thing that she considered superfluous, they must put it out of her sight. She no doubt remembered the words of the Apostle:

"In like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

"Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible; even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

"For after this manner in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves."

How pleasing must it have been in the sight of a holy God, for one at this early age, voluntarily to surrender all vanity, excess, and superfluity, in adorning the body; and as a young disciple of the cross, who had just put on Christ by profession, resolutely to take his blessed word for her rule, denying herself, and coming out from the vain world.

"If any man will be my disciple," says Jesus, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." How blessed is it to deny our-

selves and follow the Redeemer. He was not conformed to this world, but to the will of his heavenly Father.

Another interesting trait in the character of Lucy was, love to the word of God. The Summer before she died. she collected what little sums of money she could; and then, by the assistance of her brother, purchased a neat little Pocket Bible. On visiting her soon after, I shall not soon forget how pleasant her countenance appeared, when she brought forth this, her little sacred treasure, to show it to me; and I think if it had been a wedge of gold, she would not have been so much animated as she was with her blessed book. You recollect, my young readers, that she said before she died, "It was her greatest treasure." Now, my dear young readers, if you would die like Lucy, and not be afraid to go

down to the silent grave; and like her, have Jesus with you when passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death, you must strive to live as she lived. You must, like her, be sober-minded, and strive for peace; being merciful and compassionate to your dying fellow creatures. You must come out from the ungodly customs and vanities of the world. And above all, you must love the holy word of God, and delight to do his will.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules impart,
To keep the conscience clean.

This holy book we should constantly take for our only rule of faith and practice; and it will lead us to the new Jerusalem, that world of glory where Jesus sits on the right hand of

God; where there are pleasures for ever more, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. In that world, the inhabitants will no more say, they are sick, but will enjoy eternal health and prosperity. There will be no more night there, but eternal day. There is laid up for every believer, an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. There Jesus will no more veil his lovely face; but shine forth in all his resplendent glory, and cause the inhabitants to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

I now ask you, my young friends, will you repent of your sins, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and go to this world of immortal bliss? Or will you still go on in sin, rolling it as a sweet morsel under your tongue, and at last die in darkness

and despair? Can you endure the thought, that no kind angel shall guide you through the dark valley of the shadow of death? But that at last you must sink down into the world of misery, darkness, and wo, where are weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth; where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched; where there is an eternal weight of divine wrath and indignation poured upon the guilty inhabitants, who will exist forever? O then, be entreated, as you have immortal souls capable of enjoying the glories of heaven, or sinking down in the agonies of hell, be encouraged to flee to Jesus, and to embrace him by faith, as the way, the truth, and the life.

Remember now is the accepted time, and behold, now is the day of salvation. To-day, if you will hear

his voice, harden not your hearts: lest God at last should say, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof ;-I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you: then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."

> How feeble the state of poor man! How soon his frail life must decay! At best but the length of a span, And fades like a short winter's day.

In youth how forgetful he seems Of age, that is hurrying on; At length he awakes from his dreams; But ah! his best moments are gone. Then hurried away with his cares, His life is but labour and pain; Old age is the garment he wears— He wishes for youth, but in vain.

Now crush'd with the load of his sin, He trembles at death's cold alarms; And just recollects where he's been, Then yields to the conqueror's arms.

But reason no further can go! He stands at the bar of his God; Now sinks to the regions of wo, Or in heaven takes up his abode.

Let youth, then, no longer delay, Since time makes so rapid a flight; If Jesus his grace but display, You will hail the approaches of night.

ABSTRACT OF THE SERMON

DELIVERED

AT THE FUNERAL OF

MISS LUCY COLE.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccl. xii. 1.

I NAME this text on the present occasion, not merely because it was the request of the deceased, on her dying bed, that it might be preached from at her funeral, and her desire that God might bless it to the youth and children who would be present; but I name it as the word of God, attended with Divine authority. It should be received, therefore, as coming from God himself, as well as from

one of his dear faithful disciples, whom we shall hear speak to us no more on earth.

The text implies, that children and youth are prone to forget God their Creator. To prove this, I need only say, that we all find it easy to remember what we love; and those objects which we do not love, we are apt to forget. And as young people by nature have sinful hearts; as we are all born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and go forth as soon as we are born, speaking lies; as childhood and youth are said in the word of God to be vanity, comparable to the wild colt; as parents have in all ages found it exceedingly difficult to train up their children in the way in which they should go; and as believers in Christ, who have been converted by the grace of God, have always borne this testimony against their former lives, with few exceptions;—we may safely conclude from all these circumstances, and from passages in the word of God, that children and youth are exceedingly prone to a forgetfulness of God and his holy will concerning them.

Let us now consider what is meant by remembering our Creator; and the motives calculated to excite young persons to this duty.

To remember God our Creator in the sense of this text, is to be a disciple of Jesus, as well as an obedient servant of God. It is, in short, to be a Christian, a uniform, consistent Christian, taking the word of God daily for the man of our counsel. And it should be recollected that true religion is not only a very great privilege for young persons and children

to possess; but it is also a command. God commands it in the text, and that it be complied with, without a moment's delay. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. As God is infinitely good, so he is all wise. And therefore knows what is best for all his intelligent creatures, and what is most conducive to their greatest happiness, in time and eternity. This, therefore, is another motive for persons, while young, to embrace the religion of the Saviour. It is the only thing which can make them truly wise and happy in this world, and in the world to come.

Consider again, my dear young friends, that persons who die without any saving interest in Christ, instead of meeting a smiling, compassionate Saviour in the hour of death, to cheer their immortal souls when called to

bid farewell to all their earthly friends and the world, will meet an angry Judge as soon as they leave the world, who will assign them their portion in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone, with devils and evil angels. Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.

To the Parents. My own feelings will permit me to say but little to you on this solemn occasion. You are called, in the providence of God, to mourn, but not as those who have no hope. When you reflect on the acute bodily sufferings from which your beloved daughter is now delivered; but especially when you reflect on the blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord, you can adopt the language of pious Job, and say, with far less painful circumstances perhaps

than his, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

To the Brothers and Sisters. The most of you, who have arrived at years of understanding, profess a hope in Christ, and have become members of his church. I need not admonish you as to the example of patience, meekness, and simplicity, with which your dear departed sister endeavoured to serve God on the earth; for I trust that remembrance will not be easily effaced from your hearts. Some time before she died, she told me she wished to say more to her brothers and sisters than she had done. This duty I suspect she discharged with a clear conscience before she left the world. May her death then be a lasting admonition to you all. May you walk as she walked, live as she

lived, and so be prepared to die as she died.

I shall now say a few words to the members of the church; especially to such of them as are young.

The object of our coming together at this time is truly solemn and affecting. We must now take the last look at the remains of one, who was dear to us all. The recollection of past scenes which so lately transpired, -her painful sufferings and death, together with her holy aspirations of soul; -her happy resignation, with an ardent desire to depart and be with Christ,-are still fresh on my mind. I lament the loss of such a valuable member of the church: but I am reconciled. "Not our will, but thine, holy Father, be done." Her light ceases to shine personally in the family and in the church; but though dead,

she yet speaketh. Her little writings which she has left behind, expressive of the real sentiments of her heart, I trust will be preserved.

What she would have been, had her life and health been protracted to a riper age, we know not. But certain it is that we seldom are favoured with so striking an example of the religion we profess, in persons of any age. Her's was not a religion of feelings merely; nor did it consist in a coldhearted round of externals. It had the Bible for its basis, which we have reason to believe was closely adhered to by her, and which is in truth the word of God. Upon her it had a wonderfully transforming influence. It shone through her whole life, after she became a member of the church, and also in her death. She appeared to feel and act as for eternity. There

were many excellent traits in her Christian character, upon which we might with propriety dwell; but still she was no more than we all should be, consistent, uniform disciples of Christ.

And if you, my dear young friends, who have put on Christ by an outward profession, would be ornaments in the Christian church, useful and happy in your lives, and joyful in your death, adopt simply the measure which she adopted, namely, taking the Bible for your constant companion. In this be decided, and you will not be disappointed in your religious expectations. For this, there is no substitute. Nothing else will do.

And you, my dear friends, and children, in the bloom of life, who have no hope, and without God in the world, let me tell you that it was the

ardent desire of her, whose funeral you are now called to attend, that you might remember God your Creator. She sighed, longed and prayed for your conversion to God. Had she lived, she anticipated usefulness as a Sabbath School teacher in this place. But the good Lord has taken her home to himself. Her body must, in a few moments, be deposited in the grave. O think how soon we all must follow. I beseech you not to put far away the evil day. Remember, the instance before you is a proof that you are liable to die while young. If death should lay his icy hand upon you now, are your souls prepared to leave the world in peace, and to be happy with Christ in heaven? Surely not, unless your peace is made with God. Will you then neglect to love God and Christ, and neglect the

Bible and Sabbath School; and will you join the wicked in evil courses of disobedience to parents, profaning the Lord's day, and joining with the multitude to do evil. Remember, then, that God will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh. Reflect on the many instances of the displeasure of God, recorded in the Bible, concerning such as trifled with Him and his word. And may the Lord, by his Holy Spirit, lead you to repentance, and make you meet for that heavenly inheritance, which is reserved for such, and such only, as are the true disciples and followers of the Lamb.

The brief Sketches which follow are also striking and recent instances of the happy influence of youthful piety in death.

SARAH NYE PARKER.

DIED at Osterville, Barnstable. Massachusetts, April 25, 1830, Miss Sarah Nye Parker, aged eighteen years. Miss Parker was one of the subjects of a pleasing revival, and was the first of the young converts that were called home to the Lord. She abundantly manifested, during her short stay on earth, and in the closing scenes of her mortal career, the power of religion to make happy. Miss Parker had, from nature, an amiable disposition, united with strong mental powers, and she had made considerable literary acquisitions. She possessed precisely that character, which endeared her to her friends, and which made her love them ardently. The world to her was a

lovely place. She had eyes for whatever was bright and beautiful, and a heart to enjoy it. No wonder, then, that this earth claimed a large share of her affections. She gave to God the homage of her lips, and spoke of religion with a respectful candour: but still she thought these solemn subjects better adapted to the grayheaded, and disconsolate, than to the young and joyous. The Lord began a revival in Osterville. She thought well of it, but was personally unaffected. Her Heavenly Father had tried her with kindness; but she was unmoved; now his parental hand was stretched forth to lay affliction on her.

January 17, she was attacked with the lung fever, which after raging nine days, assumed the terrific character of consumption. This most fatal yet flattering disease, filled her parents' hearts with continued alternations of hope and fear, until the 22d of February, when her pious physician, with a commendable sincerity, told her she could not expect to recover. Then she appeared terrified. She said she could not die. She could not leave her friends; her young companions, and all she loved. She could not meet her God.

Previous to this, she was so weak, that her voice could scarcely be heard; but when conviction fastened on her mind, it imparted such an energy, that her cries of anguish were loud and distinct. "I have sinned against a good and holy God," said she. "O Lord, have mercy on my never-dying soul."

On 27th of February, she found peace in believing. On hearing the 10th of Romans read, she exclaimed, "How good the Lord is," and sung a hymn herself. Now God's conduct,

which before had appeared so mysterious, was made plain to her. desire to bless the Lord," said she, "that he has laid me on this bed of sickness. O how good, to take me home to himself after so short a life as mine!" She faithfully warned her companions, who frequently called in to see her, to make their peace with God: for without an interest in Christ they never could be happy. She told them that the world looked like nothing; that she was willing to leave father and mother, and all her friends, to be with Christ. On the morning of the day she died, she bid her friends farewell, and was evidently longing for the time of her death. She spoke of her approaching dissolution with calmness, and was pleased to hear her friends converse about it. She gave her garments, &c. away, as tokens of affectionate regard, spoke of the colour of her coffin, and of making the grave clothes and conduct of the funeral, with as much composure as though preparing for a journey. When the last moment had arrived. she gently sunk into the embrace of death, and yielded up her spirit without a struggle or a groan.-" In the death of such a child as this," said her pious parents to the writer of this notice, "there is no cause for mourning." May this account be an encouragement to all young Christians to "live the life of the righteous, that their last end may be like her's."

[Christian Watchman.]

SUSAN BANCROFT.

Miss Susan Bancroft, the daughter of Abel and Susan Bancroft, was

born in the town of Montague, Massachusetts, August 26, 1812. She was educated under the care of pious parents, whose object it was to train her up in the way she should go. The wholesome precepts and example of her beloved parents contributed much to affect her heart with a sense of her lost condition by nature, and to impress her mind with a belief in the importance of that holy religion which they professed. But being young, and naturally cheerful, she lived in neglect of religion, until the Spring of 1825; when, being nearly thirteen years of age, she became seriously impressed from the circumstance, as was supposed, of the moral and religious change in the character of her elder sister, who, at that time, became hopefully pious. She was then in great distress, and was known to have

made some efforts to perform the duty of secret prayer. Her convictions, however, were of short duration, and her "goodness like the morning cloud and early dew that passeth away." She soon relapsed into her former state of indifference, until the spring of 1828; when, in the providence of God, she was sent to the town of Amherst to enjoy the advantages of female education. At this time there was a revival of religion in Amherst College, and many of the students were labouring under deep convictions of sin; whilst others, who had recently been brought out of nature's darkness into God's marvellous light, were rejoicing with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Susan, who had occasionally attended the religious conference meetings, held by the students at private houses, became deeply convicted of sin; but did not wish others to know it: yet, in spite of all her efforts, she could not conceal her distress.

It appears, that in consequence of her love to the world, she struggled hard against the Spirit of truth; till compelled by the power of divine grace to relinquish the unequal warfare, and no longer "lift the puny arm of rebellion" against the King of Heaven. Her opposition to God no sooner ceased than the cause of her distress was removed; to which there succeeded peace and tranquillity of mind. Still her hope of being savingly converted to God was not very bright, nor entirely satisfactory to herself. For want of a fuller evidence in her own breast, she did not presume to make an open profession of faith in the Lord Jesus.

At the expiration of the time she remained in Amherst, she returned home to reside with her parents in Montague: and now there arose in her own mind, a conflict more easy to conceive than describe. What could she do? Could she go and unite herself in solemn covenant with the people of God? Happy would she have been, if she could have done this with a good conscience: but her own modesty, and want of sufficient evidence of being renewed, would not permit her to take this step; and she had no disposition to act the hypocrite. Could she "turn again to the beggarly elements of the world," and, through gaiety and mirth, rid herself of all serious impressions and anxiety of mind? Ah! the work of God had been wrought too deeply upon her heart to permit her to do this, without

grief and remorse of conscience! To her, the world had, in a great degree, lost its charms-she had been brought to see its vanity, and had some realizing sense of eternal things: therefore she could not love sin nor contemn religion. Here her mind was left to waver; and "he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven by the wind and tossed." With one or two exceptions, none of her youthful companions were professedly pious; and to forsake these, was an unpleasant thought. According to her own confession, she feared the reproach of being proud and reserved. No doubt she committed also a greater error, in refusing at this time, to go forward and join the Church of Christ, and to separate herself from the world. For this neglect of duty, God withdrew from her, in some measure, his restraints. And it was not long before she could with less scruple, engage in what the world calls innocent amusements. Having somewhat silenced her conscience, she began to set her affections again upon the world, and to look forward to scenes of future happiness and pleasure, greater than any she had hitherto witnessed. But God had determined otherwise. At this critical juncture, when she was unprepared for the solemn event, she was visited by a severe illness, and laid upon the bed of death.

Immediately after the commencement of her illness, she was impressed with the belief that it was her last; and was much alarmed in view of her approaching dissolution. What rendered her case still more deplorable, at intervals she was deprived of the right use of her reason. Her agony of soul-her mental derangementher distress of body-all combined to increase her affliction, and to awaken in others an additional sympathy. She, however, had her seasons of rational consideration, and would converse freely upon religion. And what seemed to distress her most, was, that she had denied the Lord Jesus, by refusing at a former time to make an open profession of his name; and by engaging in the sinful amusements of the world. But we humbly hope, that God had mercy on her, and pitied her forlorn condition.

About one week previous to her death, the distress in her mind was removed, and she experienced joy and peace in believing in a crucified Saviour. She now took great delight in prayer, in hearing the Bible read, and in Christian conversation. At

one time, when her father was reading to her one of the Psalms of David, she exclaimed, "Good! good! Oh! how good that is!" She was resigned to her fate, and seemed to meet death with composure; and now gave satisfactory evidence of being made a new creature in Christ Jesus, and an heir of the heavenly inheritance. She no longer appeared solicitous for her own safety; but for the safety of others. In her dying admonition, she requested her father to warn her youthful acquaintances of the wrath to come.

On the morning of December 25, she appeared better; and the fond hope was indulged that she would finally recover, and be again restored to health; but on the morning of the next day, Saturday, December 26, 1829, she expired. On the Monday following, her remains were conveyed

to the Meeting-House, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Nelson: after which she was deposited in the silent grave. The concourse of people on that occasion was unusually large, and the service at her funeral solemn. Thus ended the life of Miss Susan Bancroft, aged seventeen years and four months.

She was of an amiable disposition, and temper, having all the virtues of her sex. As a daughter, she was affectionate and dutiful; as a sister, she was pleasant, condescending, and kind; as a companion, friend, and acquaintance, she was admirably adapted to gain affection and esteem. In her manners, she was gentle and affable: and as to personal appearance, she would not have suffered by a comparison with some distinguished for beauty. She lived beloved, and died lamented. [Christian Watchman.]

MRS. SOPHIA W. KIMBALL.

DIED at West Cambridge, on Lord'sday morning, February 14, 1830, Mrs. Sophia W. Kimball, wife of Mr. Jeremiah H. Kimball, aged 23 years.

Mrs. Kimball became a subject of renewing grace during a revival in Woburn, two years and a half previous to her death, while attending school in that place, and soon after, united with the Baptist church there, of which she continued a member till her death.

Her views of the sinfulness of her own heart, and of the method of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, were clear and discriminating, and highly satisfactory to the church.

In the Spring of 1829, her health began to fail, and declined steadily and by slow degrees till her death.

She was endowed with uncommon firmness of mind, though by no means destitute of the tender sensibilities of her sex. There was nothing remarkable in the exercises of her mind until about a week before her death, though she often said to her husband that her hope in Christ was as an anchor to her soul. On Monday, the 8th of February, she was indulged with most impressive views of the glory of Christ; views that had power to transport her soul in adoration and praise. "O," said she, "my Saviour has revealed himself to me as I neversaw him before. He has shown me that white robe he has prepared for me; and I can cheerfully leave all for Him, and I only fear I shall be impatient for his coming."

"If I am ever saved," said she, "it will be all of grace, free and unmer-

ited, for I have no goodness or righteousness of my own to commend me to God."

A day or two after this, an intimate friend who was baptized on the same day with her, called to see her. "Do you remember," said she, "what our Pastor (Rev. Mr. Mallery) said at the time of our baptism?" "I do not know to what you allude," was the reply.—"When we went down into the water, he observed the leaves from the surrounding trees floating down the stream, and said, in the same manner are men passing down the stream of time towards eternity."—"Now," said she, "I feel the force of the remark."

She was desirous to see those of her friends, and former companions and acquaintances, who have no hope in Christ, and who do not even believe in the reality of experimental religion.

When they visited her, she was truly faithful in warning and exhorting them to flee from the wrath to come, and to put their trust in Christ, while life and health remain, as the only possible way of being prepared for death.

On Saturday evening at 12 o'clock, she was taken with violent spasms, and her distress was very great, while she wiped the cold sweat from her palid cheek. During this distress she uttered no groan, or complaint, but employed a little time in prayer to her Saviour that these sufferings might be mitigated, and that she might be allowed three or four hours before she departed. The Lord answered her request in both these particulars. When her sufferings had abated, she said, "O that Lamb that was slain, how much he suffered for me." She then said to her friends, I shall be with you two hours and then depart. Soon after, she said to a friend who stood near, "It is hard passing over Jordan—but," said she, "the waters are not deep."

Here again she was favoured with a view of the heavenly city. "O," said she, "my Saviour is coming, I see him in the midst of that blessed city; the streets are pure gold; they need no light; the Lamb is the light of it."

For a day or two previous to her death, her strength was so far gone that she could not speak a loud word. But in the last hour she sung, so as to be heard by all in the room, two verses, one of which was,

"Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there." This much affected her friends, but she besought them not to weep for her, "for," said she, "I shall soon be at rest."

Addressing her Saviour, she said, "Roll on thy chariot wheels; why are they so long in coming?

'How long, dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour delay.'

Soon shall I be in possession of that golden harp," and with a smile as perfectly rational as when in health, she yielded her spirit into the hands of her blessed Saviour, just at the close of the two hours, as she had told her friends. Well might the Apostle say, respecting the Christian, "To die is gain." [Christian Watchman.]



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